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WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. III., No. 3.

THE NATCHEZ INDIANS IN 1730.

Letter from Rev. Fr. Petit, S. J., to Rev. Fr. Davaugour, S.J., Procurator-General of the Missions in North America.

NEW ORLEANS, JULY 12th, 1730.

REV. DEAR FATHER:

P. C.

Your Reverence has, no doubt, been already made acquainted with the news of the sad destruction of the new French colony, lying on the right hand shore of the Mississippi and one hundred and twenty hours travel distant from its mouth. The Natchez, a savage tribe of this region, at a time when we least expected and without provocation, suddenly and treacherously murdered all the French settlers together with our two Fathers and laid waste the whole mission. Before I describe to your Rev. the horror of this devastation, it will be necessary to give you a hurried sketch of this wild people,—tell you of their idolatry, manners, customs, laws and unbounded superstition, in order that

you may the better understand the picture, which I am about to draw for you, of the horrid waste to which they subjected our flourishing colony.

The Natchez possess one of the most charming and fertile lands on the face of the globe; among no other tribe of North American Indians is there to be found such a well-organized worship or such a complete code of common laws.

Their idolatry, in some respects, resembles that of the ancient Romans. A temple well stocked with idols, which represent not only mortal men, but also domestic and wild animals, stands in the centre of their villages. To all appearance, this religious structure is like unto a huge oven; in circumference it is about one hundred, and in width over thirty feet. The doorways are four feet in height and three broad. By these alone can light enter, as there are no windows to the temple. There is an opening, it is true, in the vault, but this again is enclosed by a triple covering of pumice-stone to prevent rain or snow from falling into the interior. Above this, three eagles are placed, cut out of wood; one is painted yellow, the other white and the third is of a reddish color. Just without the temple door is a vestibule, containing a single room, inhabited by the guardian of the temple. In front of this there is a narrow, confined space, surrounded by sharp-pointed stakes, upon which are hung the scalps taken in war. As you enter the temple the first thing that strikes the eye is a great number of tables ranged one above the other. Upon these stand baskets exquisitely woven out of osier, which contain the bones of their deceased princes together with the bones of their servants,—who as soon as the death of the prince is announced willingly allow themselves to be strangled, in order that they may accompany their master into eternity. Besides the tables, there are rows of shelves, upon which are placed painted baskets in which are kept the images or statues of their gods and goddesses; the idols are partly

made of earthen-ware, partly of stone. Interspersed among these are seen the heads of adders, tails of serpents, stuffed owls, jaw-bones of huge fishes and transparent pieces of crystal. A. D., 1699 flasks and bowls of glass were found in the temple.

An eternal fire is kept burning day and night. This fire is never permitted to rise into a flame, but only glimmers, for fear of burning the temple.—Dried walnut and oak wood are the materials out of which it is kindled, and the elders of the nation are obliged to cut them up into logs and throw them into the narrow, confined space before the temple. The guardian,—there are many,—one from each tribe of the nation—keeps watch, like a sentinel, in the vestibule and takes particular care not to allow the fire to be extinguished. From time to time he throws two or three logs on the fire; he is in duty bound so to place them that the ends first catch fire and they rest not on each other; for they do this to prevent the fire from rising into a flame.

No woman is permitted to enter the sacred precincts of the temple; an exception, however, is made in favor of the sisters of the prince. Entrance likewise is denied, without difference of sex, at the time when any one wishes to carry the meals to the nearest relatives,—whose bones are preserved in the temple. The guardian places the meats near the basket containing the bones of the relatives to be feasted. This superstitious prohibition lasts from new to full moon. The meats are then thrown into the narrow, confined space before the temple and left to be devoured by wild beasts.

The Natchez hold the Sun in highest veneration; he is their principal god and this, because say they: as there is nothing more glorious and magnificent for eyes to behold than the Sun, so is he most deserving of worship. For the same reason do they call their prince the brother of the Sun; for on earth he has no superior. The superstitious

credulity, of the lower classes endow him therefore with limitless power; he is an absolute monarch. His palace is built on the same plan as that of their temple, out of clay or turf; it is raised on a high mound. The door-way of the palace faces the East. Early every morning the prince salutes his first-born brother, the Sun, with oft-repeated howls or yells, as soon as the luminary appears on the horizon. He then takes a huge tobacco-pipe and offers to him the first three puffs; hereupon he strikes his hands together over his head and swings them from East to West, in order to show his brother what path he is on that day to follow.

To the left, as one enters the palace, there are several beds; to the right is the couch of the prince made of dried reeds, straw and osier, adorned with variegated, grotesque figures. In lieu of pillow he rests his royal head on a block of wood. In the centre of the room stands a small chest, around which every one who enters has to walk three times. At his entrance, the visitor, instead of giving him a becoming salute howls like a wolf; thereupon he walks thrice around the chest, till he reaches the end of the room and then only is he permitted to cast his eyes on his majesty. Gazing on the prince, he strikes both his hands together over his head and gives thrice a most dreadful yell. If the prince is willing to give audience to the visitor he answers him with a gentle sigh and bids him be seated. The visitor in thanks, howls again most wofully. As often as the prince puts a question he must howl once, before he is allowed to answer. When the audience is over he must yell and howl until he has left the presence of his august lordship.

When the prince dies his palace is torn down. A fresh mound is thrown up and on this a new palace erected for his successor,—the brother of the Sun. He is forbidden to inhabit the same royal dwelling as his predecessor.

Of the various tribes certain elders are appointed, whose

duty it is to instruct the people in the practices of religion and in the customs and code of the land. One of the chief laws is to pay the prince, as firstborn brother of the Sun, almost divine veneration.

The Natchez believe in the immortality of the soul. When man, say they, leaves this world, he enters into another, where he is rewarded or punished according to the merits gained in this life. Eternal beatitude with them consists in good eating and drinking and in all manner of sensual pleasures. The damned do not enjoy any of these delights. They imagine that the strict observer of the customs and laws of the country is carried to a spirit land, abounding in every kind of enjoyment. There the blessed are fed on most luscious meats; they drink the most exquisite liquors; every conceivable joy falls to their lot. The violator of the laws, on the contrary, goes to a land cursed with drought and famine, covered with swamps and health-destroying morasses. There, say the Natchez, their naked bodies are constantly bruised by thorns and brambles; festering sores eat away their wounded limbs; they are forced to wage continual war with their neighbors. Never do they taste delicate meat or drink. Crocodile flesh or reeking clam fish or snails are their only food; neither wheat, beans nor melons nor any other palatable fruit makes up their daily repasts. In this valley of tears they endure everlasting anguish.

This strange, superstitious people obey their prince blindly and without reserve. He has full power over their property, as also over their very lives. No one would dare refuse to die even without cause or trial, provided the prince desired it. They are not permitted to receive pay for labor or services done the prince. When the French settlers desire to have excellent hunters or boatmen, they ask them from the brother of the Sun, who gladly gives them on receipt of a stipulated sum of money. This the prince keeps in his own purse, bestowing not even a penny on the

poor hireling. Woe to him, who should complain of this flagrant injustice. One of the first laws, and perhaps the most cruel, is the obligation which binds the attendants of the prince to honor his funeral obsequies by giving up their own lives, in order that he may have, in the spirit land, his former servants. They submit to this law with the greatest joy, because they think, that in the next world they too will be sharers of the same joys, the same pleasures and delights as the prince.

For the clearer understanding of the reason of this tragedy, Your Reverence must know, that as soon as the Sister of the prince has brought forth an heir to the throne, every mother who, at that time, is nursing a male child must present it to the new-born heir. From the number of these boys are chosen certain ones, who are destined to be servants and attendants of the future prince. After presentation, they are returned to their mothers to be taken care of until they have reached the proper age for service, when they are removed to the court for such duties as are fitted to their individual accomplishments. Some become the prince's fishermen or hunters; others till for him his fields; some attend to houshold affairs; others are the companions of his play. When death takes off the prince, they are bound, without refusal, to accompany him to the spirit land. On an appointed day they deck themselves in their gaudiest and costliest attire and betake themselves to the public square, near the temple, where the whole nation awaits them in breathless suspense. After enjoying the festivities of the occasion, they themselves place around their necks a rope made of the hide of an ox; the appointed executioners then step forward, take hold of the rope, exhort them to fulfil their duties to the prince faithfully in the next world, viz.: to cause their royal master every imaginable pleasure and share with him his delights. They are then strangled and these poor victims of superstition and demon worship surrender their precious lives with unbounded joy.

Their legs are severed from the body; the hip, shin, arm, and shoulder bones are cut out and buried in the earth for two months. They are then taken up, cleansed, laid in baskets and placed on arranged tables in the temple beside the august relics of the prince. This last honor, however, is only shown to the most deserving; the rest who were not deemed worthy of this honor are taken by their relatives and buried just as they had been left after strangulation.

The same cruel custom is followed at the death of the brother or sister of the prince. An exception, however, is made in favor of the female servants who are nursing a child. This favor is frequently refused by them and they either supply the child with a nurse or put it to death in order that they may be made partakers of the eternal blessedness of their mistresses. Such is the superstition of this deluded people!

The throne is hereditary among the Natchez; right of succession always remains in the same family. But the son of the prince is not the successor to his father's sceptre. The son of the eldest sister of the prince is heir, and should she be barren the son of the princess next in age. The reason for this proceeding the Natchez allege to be the well-known faithlessness of the wives of the prince. We are not certain, they say, that the son of the wives of the prince is of royal blood. Besides, as the prince frequently marries the daughters of low parentage, we are not sure that royal blood courses in the veins of their offspring, but we feel confident, on the contrary, that this is the case with the children of the princesses of the royal family.

These princesses select their husbands from among the lower classes and are allowed by law to have only one husband, but they are permitted, at the same time, on any occasion, as sentiment may prompt, to reject him and marry another, provided their choice fall on a Natchez. Should it happen that her husband prove faithless to the marriage vow, she has a right to have his head crushed with a mallet.

Should she be found guilty of adultery, she is not held bound to the same penalty. She may associate with as many as she pleases and the husband is not allowed to show the least displeasure. Their doctrine in this respect seems to favor polyandry. The husband appears before his wife with great reserve; he never dines with her and salutes her, as he does all the servants of the household, with howls and yells. His liberty consists in being exempt from socage-duty and carrying out her slightest wish.

In times gone by the Natchez were a powerful people, counting some sixty tribes and living in large towns. Eight hundred brothers of the Sun ruled over them. At present they possess seven small villages. In every village there is a temple, in which the eternal fire is never permitted to die out, and each tribe is governed by a prince and a subaltern governor. This latter is altogether subject to the prince, who alone has the right of appointing the officers of the realm, viz.: two chiefs, who lead the warriors to battle; two, who are ministers of religious worship—one is guardian of the temple, the other presides over the ceremonies paid to the idols;—two judges, who likewise receive all embassies from neighboring tribes; four stewards, who whenever the prince invites people to a public feast prepare for the festivities. Whoever dares disobey these officials is amenable to the same penalties as he who renders himself offensive to the prince.

The people assemble every year, 1, at seed-time, when they sow Indian wheat, pulse, pumpkins and melons in a field; 2, at harvest time, when the crop is garnered in and kept for public use in an immense granary; 3, about the middle of summer for the national feast. Each one is a contributor to the feast according to his means. Their greatest pleasure consists in uninterrupted dancing. The prince and his sister sit under a green arbor and look with complacency on the enjoyment of their subjects. The subalterns and officers of the court have their assigned posts of honor

near the prince. The honor to sit beside the prince is most eagerly coveted.

Said prince and his sister are carried by eight of the most stalwart men of the tribe in a litter to the scene of public rejoicing. In his hand he holds a huge sceptre adorned with many colored feathers. The people leap and sing around him in token of the universal joy. This feast lasts for three days and three nights. On the last day the people are all assembled under the arbor, where the prince is seated, to listen to the harangue of their sovereign. He exhorts them, in the first place, to the strict observance of all that appertains to religious worship and to the fulfilment of every law; he admonishes them in an especial manner to show the deepest reverence to the spirits who haunt the temple and to instruct with all diligence their children to do the same. If any one, during the past year, has displayed more than usual fervor in this respect, the prince, in presence of the entire assembly, offers him his congratulations and praise. When, A. D. 1702, the temple was destroyed by fire and seven or eight mothers had thrown their infants into the flames to appease the gods, the prince, at the end of the feast, had these heroines brought before him, praised in a set oration their devotion to the gods, their heroic sacrifice of what was dearest to the mother's heart and exhorted the mothers of the nation, on like occasions, to follow their glorious example.

Every husbandman offers the first fruits of the field, (which he has sown and cared for on his own grounds) to the gods in the temple. Thither too are carried all presents, which the Natchez receive from neighboring peoples. These gifts are taken to the entrance of the temple; the guardian then places them before the idols and offers them to the gods. After they have remained for a short time in the temple, he takes them to the prince, who distributes them as his good pleasure may dictate, and no one is allowed to complain of the portion which he may have received.

The seed to be sown must likewise be blessed in the temple by certain superstitious ceremonies. All who come to the temple must lift up their hands and howl thrice; thereupon they strike their hands on the ground, rub them in the dust and howl again. This is repeated three times. If any one passes by the temple he must do so with downcast eyes, outstretched arms and a yell or howl. Should a mother observe her child neglect this token of respect to the dwelling-place of the gods, she punishes it severely.

(*To be continued.*)

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE MISSION OF NEW YORK AND CANADA.

(*Continued.*)

The departure of Fr. Larkin rendered necessary the appointment of a new Rector; and Fr. Ryan was accordingly named. He agreed to accept the conditions regarding the parish Church, which Fr. Larkin had judged proper to refuse, and soon found what he considered a suitable situation in 9th Street; but the title of the deed of property was discovered to be unsafe; and it was only some time after, that he succeeded in purchasing the place we now occupy on 15th Street, between 5th and 6th Avenues.

To enable Fr. Ryan to cover the necessary outlay for the new institution, our late lamented Fr. Maldonado kindly consented to accompany one of the Fathers of our Mission

in a tour through Mexico, for the purpose of appealing to the charity of the Catholics of that country. The two Fathers started in November, 1850, provided with letters of introduction to the first Mexican gentlemen, both clerical and secular; and during the fourteen months of Fr. Maldonado's sojourn there, by his polished manners and engaging disposition, he succeeded in completely gaining the hearts of all: so that both clergy and laity responded with true catholic liberality to his appeal in favor of a distant work of charity. The other Father remained some months longer, and may be literally said to have travelled over the whole of Mexico. About $18,000 was collected, besides paintings, vestments, and sacred vessels; and for this timely aid our Fathers owe a lasting debt of gratitude to the Mexicans, as without it, Rev. Fr. Ryan would never have been able to build the College.

About two years were employed in its erection, and on the 25th of Nov., 1850, the former students of the School of the Holy Name of Jesus, entered their new and commodious abode. In making the transition, however, both School and Church lost their old names, and, at the request of his Grace the Archbishop, were placed under the patronage of St. Francis Xavier: the College and the Church of St. Francis Xavier thus germinating, as it were, from the Holy Name of Jesus. The College opened with about two hundred and fifty students.

These works, however, were far from engrossing all the attention of the Fathers in New York, for the city afforded opportunities for numerous other ministries of zeal. As the rootlets of the plant naturally seek those portions of the soil, where moisture is more abundant; so the various offshoots of the Society, by the very nature of the holy sap flowing through them, have ever sought out the abodes of misery where suffering is to be relieved and crime prevented. Now, New York, in its various Public Institutions of Charity and Correction, offered the Fathers a very har-

vest of miseries, which a Xavier himself might have envied. In the words used by Fr. Du Ranquet, the present chaplain, when soliciting Archbishop Hughes for the care of these Institutions: "In other apostolic works, the missionary resembles the ordinary hunter, who needs must exert all his strength and skill to succeed in securing, one by one, a few game; but here is a royal hunting ground, with numbers of men solely employed to start the game, and drive them before the huntsman: the men thus employed are the police."

As early as 1852, the Fathers, with the hearty approval of his Grace, began the work of mercy by visiting the Tombs, or city prison, where the criminals are detained prior to their sentence,—and once or twice a month brought the consolations of religion to the inmates of the state prison at Sing-Sing, whither those condemned to hard labor are mostly sent. But it was only in 1861, that sectarian prejudice and bigotry so far yielded, or were forced to yield, to the instances of his Grace as to admit the members of the Society into that wider field of labor for which they yearned.

The Public Institutions of Charity and Correction of the City of New York are mostly built on a number of small islands, situated in the East River, as the channel is called which, some fifteen miles in length, connects Long Island Sound with the Harbor. These islands are known as Blackwell's, Ward's, Randall's and Hart's. To begin with that nearest the city: Blackwell's Island, contains five public institutions: 1, A vast hospital; with a smaller one, somewhat apart, for contagious diseases, especially the small-pox; these buildings are situated at the extreme southern end of the island. 2, The Penitentiary, viz.: a prison for criminals condemned to detention for less than two years. 3, An asylum for the poor, called the Alms-House. 4, Another prison called the Work-House, where those are confined who are punished by only a few day's

detention, as for vagrancy, drunkenness, etc. 5, An Insane Asylum. On the next island, Ward's, is an Asylum where destitute emigrants, not having as yet had time to acquire the privileges of citizens, are offered a home for any length of time during the five years following their arrival, provided that, either through sickness or dearth of work, they are really in want of the necessaries of life. On this island also are two large edifices recently erected, to make good the insufficiency of those of Blackwell's Island for city convicts. On the third island, Randall's, are the establishments for the children of destitute parents, or for orphans, or those taken up as vagrants. Hart's Island, twenty miles to the East, has, of late years, been appropriated by the city to receive the excess of inmates of the others. During epidemics or contagious diseases, the persons attacked by these maladies are transported thither. In connection with a school-ship, a school has been established on the island, to receive the young unfortunates of Randall's Island, when they become old enough to be able to work, and manifest an inclination to become sailors. All these establishments are divided into two departments, one for males, the other for females; and it is not an exaggerated estimate to set down at 6,000, the number of persons in the various institutions, counting in the officers and employees.

Blackwell's Island was the first to admit one of the Fathers, but even he was not permitted to pass the night there. Fr. Jaffré, a former missionary of Upper Canada, started daily from the College, visited in turn each of the institutions, and after displaying a zeal which, in presence of so much misery, nothing could moderate, returned home at night completely exhausted, only to begin his work again, the day following. In one month's time he was in his grave, a victim of the typhoid fever.— The pioneer in the good work, had fallen, but there were hundreds anxious to take his place, and within the three following years,

three more Fathers—Chopin, Laufhuber, and Pavarelli—sank at the same post, under the same disease. It would be surprising, indeed, if the heavenly spirit, which vivifies the Society, were less fruitful than the sap which Nature infuses into even her lowliest trees and shrubs; and do we not there behold ever clustering around the buds on which their growth depends, a number of accessory or latent germs, awaiting only the moment, when the principal bud by some accident is destroyed, to burst forth into a vigorous life, and carry on the plant or tree to its full development, lest Nature's work should be frustrated?

The devotedness of the Fathers, heroic though it was, was not greater than was required to enable them to cope with the difficulties attending their work—"difficulties," says Fr. Du Ranquet, "which now appear incredible." As long as the Fathers came daily from the city, and returned at night, matters came to no crisis; but when, seeing the drawbacks of such a position, they strove to gain a permanent residence on the Island; then indeed the storm burst in all its fury, and subjected them and the Catholic patients to every kind of annoyance.

Father Maréchal, chaplain at this time, determined, with his accustomed energy, to say Mass every morning in the Poor House Chapel, which was used by Protestants as well as by Catholics. Breakfast hour being six o'clock, he announces Mass for half past five; but the director of the establishment is on the alert: unfortunately, Mass is not over at six—so much the worse for those who have assisted at it—no breakfast for them that day. At the Hospital, bigotry showed itself in a still more persecuting spirit. Fr. Maréchal had just installed his assistant co-laborer, when the young physicians, alarmed at this new clerical invasion, and animated no doubt with the spirit of the Constitution of the United States, *which allows every man to worship God according to the dictates af his own conscience*, took the affair in their own hands, and hit upon

a remarkable way of illustrating their idea of freedom of conscience,—a plan, which, they were convinced, would soon cool the ardor of both priest and people.—The very first day Mass was said, on making the rounds of the sick room, they took care to ask of each of the Catholic invalids: "Have you been at Mass to-day?" Was the answer—"Yes"—they at once rejoined: "Since you are well enough to go to Mass, you are well enough to go home;" and they actually had the cruelty to dismiss thus a crowd of poor Catholics, with one foot already in the grave. The physicians were young men; probably had never before had to deal with Irish Catholics in matters of religion, and sadly indeed were they disappointed if they hoped by persecution to root out their faith and their love for their religion.—At present, the poor Irish Catholic may be said to have almost won the day—for three Fathers remain constantly on the islands, and two others go there during the day, now to one place, now to another. Even a greater number might be employed, for, to mention only one item, on Blackwell's alone, the annual number of deaths amounts to 2,000, which gives an average of about six a day. Chapels are now to be found in the principal edifices, and not only do the faithful receive the sacraments and other succors of religion, but a great many children are baptized, and numbers of adults, especially at the moment of death and in time of pestilence, abjure their errors, and are received into the bosom of the Church. His Grace, the Archbishop, has already several times visited the islands for the purpose of administering the Sacrament of Confirmation. But let us hear Fr. Du Ranquet himself describe the good that is at present being done among the wretched inmates of these islands.*—"That which has struck me most forcibly," he says, "in this ministry, is the desire expressed by so many Protestants to become Catholics, when they see death

*Letter published in the "Etudes religieuses," etc., 4th Series, 2. vol. p. 131.

approaching. Many of our invalids have nourished for years this thought of final conversion; others are moved by the confidence of the dying Catholics, and some begin by saying: 'Father, let me kiss your crucifix.' I remember especially one Protestant woman, who had probably been struck by seeing her neighbors kiss the cross so reverently, and who told me she had seen in her sleep a majestic personage holding a large key in his hand. This key, he informed her, opened and shut the kingdom of Heaven, and unless she kissed the crucifix, he would never unlock the gate of bliss for her. She was converted, and became a devout Catholic.

"Occasionally, on my rounds I come in contact with Protestant ladies and ministers busy distributing tracts and books; but if I wish to escape their society, I have only to enter the ward reserved for typhoid or small-pox; here there is no danger of interference from them. The proportion of Protestants and Catholics in the various institutions, is worthy of note. About four-fifths of the inmates of the hospital are Catholics, but in the penitentiary, only two-thirds. Thus, though all these establishments are filled generally from the lower classes, and these classes are in a great measure composed of Catholics—the prisons contain far fewer of the latter than the other institutions. During the day, those that are well labor outside or in the shops, —but, at night, they are locked up separately in very small cells, and here it is I catch them. I devote about three hours every evening to visits to the different cells, where I try to gain the prisoner's confidence by kind words through the iron grating. At Mass, I sometimes have forty or fifty communicants, of whom perhaps eight or ten, receive for the first time.—I was surprised one day by a visit from an individual arriving from Oregon, where he had been fighting in the wars against the unfortunate Indians. He came to fulfil a promise made to a dying comrade on the battle field beyond the Rocky Mountains; where, unable to find

a priest, he had tried as well as he could to supply the place of one,—and had asked the wounded soldier if he died content. 'I'll tell you,' answered the dying man, 'how wicked I have been. You know what the New York Boys are,—well, I was among the worst of them: but one day, about two or three years ago, when I was in prison at the Tombs, I went to confession for the first time; since that day, I have behaved myself pretty well, and now I die happy.' 'Oh!' replied the other, 'I know the Father at the Tombs, and as soon as I arrive in New York, I will tell him all.'—"No fact," adds Fr. Du Ranquet, "ever encouraged me in my work at the prison as much as this."

While the Fathers employed in these holy labors were opening Heaven to numbers of souls and earning for themselves eternal crowns, one of the most distinguished members of our mission, was suddenly stopped in his saintly career, and when but half the race seemed run, was called to his reward.

We left Fr. Larkin in Europe relieved of the responsibility of the episcopacy—in 1849. After remaining some time in England, he entered upon his third year of probation in France, and when that was over, reviewed his theological studies at Laval. In July, 1851, he was appointed Rector of St. John's, Fordham, and, at the expiration of his term of office, once more crossed the ocean and devoted himself with his accustomed zeal to the work of the ministry in England. Here he received a letter from our present very Rev. Father General investing him with the high and responsible duties of Visitor of thé Vice-Province of Ireland. Having accomplished to the satisfaction of all the task imposed on him, he returned to New York in 1856, and for about two years was employed in the parish. On the 11th of Dec., 1858, he had been hearing Confessions as usual, and when the supper bell rang, obeyed its summons to take a hasty cup of tea. While seated at table he felt a sudden stroke of apoplexy, and had only time to stretch

out his hand to the Father next him, saying: "It is all over now!"—when he sank heavily to the ground. Medical aid was at once sent for,—but the call was from above, and no human power could "bribe the poor possession of a day," or "lend a morrow." As it was impossible for the dying servant of God to get to his room, he remained in the arms of the Fathers, who did all they could to relieve him, while the other members of the community hastened to the chapel, to beg, if it were God's will, a few years more of life for so useful a laborer. The blow had been struck in mercy as Fr. Larkin had ever desired a sudden death:— his heart having flown to heaven long before the knell that called his body to the grave,—while he himself had ever looked on the present but as

> "A narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas—
> The past, the future, two eternities."

The world to come was all he thought of—all he cared for; no pang of sorrow, then, no vain regret disturbed the tranquil passage of his soul, which, three hours after his first attack, peacefully went to its Creator. Fr. Larkin had nearly completed his 58th year, having been born in 1801 on the Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin.*

It was not only the parish, in which Fr. Larkin had been principally employed, that felt his loss; even the students of the College, many of whom had had the happiness of attending at least one of his retreats, grieved for him as for a father. No doubt he continued in heaven to pray for the children he left behind on earth, and for the success of the work of the education of youth, in which he took so deep an interest. Certain it is that the state of the College was very prosperous. It was only a few years since it had been built, and already it was found to be far too small for the

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* On a foregoing page the year of his birth is, by some mistake, put down as 1800.

ever increasing number of students. A new building 60ft by 120, was accordingly begun, and in June, 1861, six months after the date of the charter, part of it was fit for use; so that, in the following September, the College of St. Francis Xavier received its 500 students in an edifice in keeping with the dignity of its sainted Patron.

We have now sketched, however imperfectly, some of the principal facts in the history of our Mission; we say, *some*, for besides the large gaps in our account of the rise of our Colleges at Fordham and New York we have, through want of the requisite information, but barely alluded to that of St. Mary's, Montreal, and have not written a single word about our residences in Guelph, Chatham and Quebec; in Troy, Yorkville and Jersey City. Should a future day find us conversant with the details of these foundations, it would afford us great pleasure to record them. For to relate to those unacquainted therewith the onward march of the Society, however unpretending, in any part of the world, is the least we can do to show our appreciation of our high calling, together with our filial love for her who brought us forth in religion; and to hand down to those who come after us, the memory of the labors and combats of our fathers, to whose saintliness of life joined with heroism amid whole hosts of obstacles, and persevering energy under difficulties almost insurmountable, many of us are indebted for our acquaintance with the Society, and, after God, for the priceless grace of our entrance therein, is, we think, the smallest tribute of gratitude we can offer. It is nature itself, and nature in one of its holiest instincts that prompts the child to trace, with whatever materials it may happen to have at hand, the features of that countenance which is all in all to him; his unskilled hand will err, no doubt, and produce perhaps only a homely caricature where the fairest of images was intended, but the rough draught, such as it is, has had its effect: the memory has once more conjured up the true picture, and impressed

it still more indelibly in the soul, and then, the loving heart at once supplies all the deficiencies of the erring hand.

A few details concerning our Indian Missions in Canada, on which we chanced too late for insertion in their proper place, are reserved for an appendix.

(*To be continued.*)

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

[*Continued.*]

1844 was in some respects a sad year for Philadelphia. For some years there had been in existence a society named the "American Protestant Association." This society, still vigorous, with thousands of members scattered over the Continent, and a reserved fund of millions of dollars, has been changed to that of "The United American Mechanics," but its spirit is the same. For some years the truly eloquent pastor of a contiguous parish had been accustomed in his "Sunday-night Lectures" to deal with this association in a style far more vigorous than genteel.

I have never heard of a convert made by his tirades; and the effect of his injudicious attacks was a hidden but intense feeling of hatred to Catholicity and Catholics, which waited the lightest provocation to burst out with tremendous force.

This provocation was given in the early part of May, by the indiscreet zeal of some hot-headed Catholics in attacking,

with stones and other missiles, a meeting of this American Protestant Association, held in the very midst of a densely inhabited Irish Catholic neighborhood, with the avowed design of provoking an attack.

Then began the dark days of Philadelphian Catholicity. Then began a period of terrorism, the very mention of which will, to this day, suffuse the face of a Philadelphian with the blush of shame. One bright afternoon in May, the mob assembled, and after some severe fighting in which the loss of life seemed to be almost entirely on the part of the aggressors, the so-called Nativists, St. Michael's Church and the Sisters' Orphanage in Second Street were fired and burnt to the ground. Rev. Terence Donaghoe, being in the city on a visit, sat in the cupola of St. Augustine's Church, and with tears streaming down his face, witnessed the burning of these edifices which had been erected through his painful exertions. I remember, as if it were but yesterday, how the hot blood of boyhood boiled, as a young Quaker companion, now one of Philadelphia's solid men, descending from the roof of the lofty establishment where we were employed, forgot the propriety of a Friend, and danced, not very gracefully, up to me with the intelligence that the Popish Church in Kensington was in flames. He was soon called to order by one of the elders. But I had at that time a good opportunity of judging the sincerity of the philanthropy and benevolence of our Orthodox and Hicksite Friends. At that time I was employed as a learner in the largest wholesale commission dry-goods store in Philadelphia, and members of this highly respectable firm were the leading men of the two branches of Quakerism. As I was the only one of "the world's people" in the establishment, and a mere puny boy, I was little restraint upon them, and they surely might be considered as trustworthy interpreters of the feelings of this Sect. Before the merchants and others of the city, they were loud and energetic in their denunciation of persecution for religion's sake,

and of the fearful disgrace brought upon the "City of Penn;" but, when we were by ourselves, the most common remark was: "The Papists deserve all this and much more," and "it were well if every Popish church in the world were levelled with the ground."

I was one day a witness of an incident that caused me, even in the harassed state of my feelings, much amusement. The eldest member of the firm, a dignified, portly man of nearly eighty, whose white locks fell like strung snow-flakes around his ruddy face, was not a little of a wag. Our head drayman was a German of prodigious strength, and of natural shrewdness corresponding with his strength. One morning Friend William engaged Rodolf in conversation about the gloomy state of affairs. Rodolf, rightly judging that the "Native American" organization was not in reality opposed to foreigners, but to Catholics, particularly Irish Catholics, was no niggard in his praise of late events. William H. . . . drew him out as much as possible and then quietly remarked: "but, Rodolf, the Nativists do not intend to stop with the Irish; as soon as they have exterminated them, they intend to drive away the Dutch." "Is that so, William?" says Rodolf; then raising his brawny arm, he brought down his Herculean fist upon one of the cases, with a force that split the wood, and with a fearful oath, he invited all Native Americans to migrate to a warmer climate, and for ten or fifteen minutes the tune of his canticle was set to another key. William enjoyed some hearty laughs, and walking away remarked to me "It seems, ... what is sauce for the herring is not sauce for the pickerel."

The evening of this day will be forgotten by me only when the name of *mother* loses its music. The iconoclasts, after doing their Vandal work in Kensington, by common consent, marched to St. Augustine's. The neighbors, during the afternoon, had removed most of their household goods, although it was hoped that being within the limits of the city proper it would be protected by the civic autho-

rities. If space allowed, I might relate some very amusing incidents of this sorrowful exodus. Mr. William Newland, for many years organist of St. Joseph's, occupied the house next the church, one of the two belonging to the Augustinian Fathers. The question of the hour was how to obtain furniture-wagons to remove the *penates familiaresque*. Mrs. N., in an emergency the better man of the two, impressed every wagon she could into her service, whether it were hired by her "good man" or by the neighbors. Members of the American Protestant Association had been circulating around during the afternoon making inquiries as to the ownership of the property, and, whenever they addressed our lady friend, receiving answers more sharp than sweet. As the shades of evening began to close and the little gormand birds were taking their post-supper meal previous to tucking their pretty little heads under their cosy wings, a big, burly-looking individual drove up in a splendid new furniture-wagon, and jumping out, he addressed the busy dame thus: "I say, missus, who does this house belong to?" "I cannot say," answered Madam, "my husband always pays the rent. I say, William," calling to her spouse, "give this gentleman all the information you can." Smooth-spoken Mr. Newland was much surprised at the agreeable change in his good helpmate, but he was accustomed to obey orders, so he entertained our Native American with long answers giving the least possible amount of information, and I can confidently assert that he was one well able to do so. In the meanwhile the thrifty housewife employed herself in placing her furniture in the wagon, and as our Nativist from the "South of France" was remarking in a tone not at all remarkable for its dulcidity, "I say, Mister, I have asked you a dozen times, does this house belong to the - - - priests?" he was startled by the crack of a whip, and turning, beheld Mrs. Newland occupying his vacated seat, and driving down Fourth Street at a rate of speed that pretty well winded him by the time

he overtook her. "We can't stand on ceremony at this time," said she, smiling. Tired as he was, the joke was so good he assisted her in placing the last of her chattels in a place of safety.

The news of the burning of St. Michael's, which occurred about three in the afternoon, soon spread through the city and municipalities. In the large factories and shops the men refused to work, and the employers themselves desired to reach their homes where they knew anxious wives and daughters awaited their arrival. So about half past four all the manufacturing establishments suspended operations. This in itself was unfortunate. Before six o'clock, their usual hour for stopping work, the most troublesome class of our citizens had already had their supper and were ready for any work of mischief.

Before dusk, crowds began to assemble at Fourth and New Streets. These were not the men who had burned St. Michael's: they, although they had cried—"to St. Augustine's"—"to St. Joseph's"—"to St. Mary's,"—had gone home to get their supper,—to have their wounds dressed,—to rest from their (thank God!) unusual labors. These were, at first, principally men and boys, hobble-de-hoys, drawn together by curiosity. A more pitiable, cowardly set it would be hard to find. "Look out, I see an Irishman's head," in the shrill voice of a ragged urchin, would send them to Third, to Race, to Vine Street, to return again to be again startled and started by an old woman from the bonny braes, crying out: "O'ch! Jemmy, I'm blest, if I didn't see a big mon wid a muskit looking a'out that windy in the cupoly." There was no window in the cupola. Three policemen, as to-day organized, six constables, as they were then called, could at any time before 7 o'c., have dispersed the whole mob, and saved the church. But it was the birth day of the Mayor's second daughter and she entertained that night.

By degrees the number so increased that even the cry

"there are six popes at the North window," was followed only by a slight swaying of the mass, and a quivering sensation in the throats of the less daring. After 8 o'clock, his honor the Mayor of the City of Philadelphia arrived, in a hansom, hired, if not chartered, for the occasion. American mobs are sometimes very orderly; due way was made for his honor's cab. Mayor S . . . . was a brave man even though he did possess a quality proverbially in contradiction with bravery. He spoke to this effect: "Fellow citizens, men of Philadelphia, please retire. This church is under the protection of the city. I have the keys in my pocket." If I mistake not, there was but one key for the church, the front doors being fastened by bars, and the key of the back door was in the possession of a company of volunteer firemen who were endeavoring to save some of the valuable paintings in the pastor's house.

"I have the keys in my pocket!" Pleasant news to our brave rioters—"the Mayor has the keys,—no Paddies in the church—go in Southwark,—hurrah for Kensington!" resounded on every side, and in a shorter time than it takes to write it, when once it was known there was no one within to protect the holy of holies, a sash was thrust in, and a boy cut the gas-pipe, applied the match, and the church built by Dr. Matthew Carr, was one mass of flames.

What a spectacle! The night was calm, warm, and dark. New Street, directly opposite the church, was open to the river; for miles around the sky was a sheet of flames, the river with its gliding bateaux containing men and women looked a stream of molten gold;—yes, it seemed a fairy scene. I stood with streaming locks, hat forgotten, in the midst of one of the hundreds of groups, at a distance, gazing at the entrancing sight. "Brother," said a pious sister, whose hand rested on my shoulder, "this reminds us of the days of Nero, of the days of the Goths and Vandals. We know not where this may end,—we may even be called upon to die for our religion,—God grant us strength!" On

my right stood a group of Italians, Tuscanese. A withered-looking, wrinkled old hag (I mean no disrespect), with face like a gargoyle, her deformed daughter almost as ugly as the mother, a crowd of trembling bambini, the children of Mrs. C . . . i, then the mother of eighteen, herself looking as if scarce eighteen summers had passed over her head, and the imperial Signora Tr . . . . . .

Signora Maria Fortunata Tr . . . . . was in my boyish estimation a person of far more than ordinary merits. With a person and carriage that suggested a Judith, she possessed that almost universal genius seldom found but among the Italians. She spoke fluently, I thought elegantly, many modern languages,—a voice of almost fabulous compass was cultivated to a state of almost perfection,—her power with the needle excelled every thing I have ever seen; a small piece of velvet, a scrap of satin or silk, a few strands of gold thread, a bead or two, and, presto! an article for a fancy fair that brings five, six or even ten dollars,—a common print, a box of water colors, and lo! an article to grace a lady's boudoir,— nor was she at home only in fancy work, for when she assumed the part of Martha many an Easter cake and savory fricata has tickled my boyish palate.

Near my Italian friends was a bevy of maiden ladies of very unmaiden age, whose peculiar accent proclaimed the North of Ireland. "Oh! how beautiful!" exclaimed Miss B . . . y. "It is exquisite," responded the chaste Susanna. "It is perfectly heavenly," guggled the youthful Anna Maria. The hot blood of Fortunata could bear it no longer. Farewell, smooth round accents of Tuscany! "Ya-as it is a very-er beautiful-er sight, but-er you-er will-er see-er more-er exquisite-er sight-er when you-er get-er to 'Ell!" It began *pianissimo con crescendo*, but when it ended, hell was a yell. And Fortunata with eyes sparkling daggers, I mean stilettoes, entered her brother's house, from which, during the small hours of the morning, first, a fierce strain from the harp, then some sharp chords from the piano, or

crisp notes from the guitar, told that her fiery spirit was not yet soothed. Friend of my childhood, I had been accustomed to wonder at you, a being so gifted, but from that night scarce a day has passed that I have not prayed for you as a sister in religion!

Nor were the feelings of Catholics only excited; I remember one of the younger members of the firm referred to above, who still called himself a Friend, although he had been turned out of meeting for marrying among the "world's people," rushing up to me in a state of great agitation: "Do you Catholics intend to allow this to go on forever? Why do you not protect yourselves? If a stop is not put to this, every Catholic church in the city and county will this night be in ashes. Tell me where I can get a gun, and I, Quaker as I am, will help to protect you." A short time later I saw him in an apothecary shop coolly drinking a glass of soda water. I afterwards learned he was, at the time, a liberal contributor to the American Protestant Association.

It was a terrible night. One of the assistants at St. Mary's, now a revered Father of our Province, seemed to be completely overcome Three times, as I have been told, was he led back from the scene of the conflagration, and yet again he was found sitting upon a curb, almost immediately opposite the burning church, weeping like a child.

It was but a few minutes after the match had been applied, when the whole edifice was a mass of flames, the fire, bursting from the many windows, licked the walls and mounted to the cupola. High above the billows of the fiery sea shone the glittering emblem of salvation; for minutes it swayed in the torrid atmosphere, then with a far-sounding crash fell into its translucent grave. A yell as of twice twenty thousand savages greeted the fall of the Cross, while a witnessing Israelite, with biting sarcasm, remarked: "I did not know there were so many Jews in Philadelphia."

Before 10 o'clock the fire, having consumed itself, gradually

died out and by 12 o'clock the skies so brilliantly decked wore the sable shroud of an early summer's midnight. On the next day, nothing remained of the noble edifice but the West wall and portions of the side walls. Yes! there stood the West wall, and when on the morrow, the curious gathered to gaze upon the work of Protestant ignorance and fanaticism, on that scorched, charred wall, just above where the God of Peace so long had dwelt, they were affrighted to read in letters of gold, these awful words: "The eye of the Lord seeth." Yes, the eye of the Lord in truth did see, and there these words remained for months, until Philadelphia hung her head in shame, when the rains of Summer gently washed them away. In this fire the valuable library of the Augustinian fathers was destroyed as well as many costly works of art, both in painting and statuary.

The fathers at St. Joseph's were very fearful, though in truth, at this time, they were in but little danger. Friends, both male and female, began to assemble. Fortunately, yet not intentionally, the ciboriums were empty. The sacred vessels and precious ornaments were consigned to trust-worthy persons who quietly carried them away to places of security. And in the early hours of morning I was wakened from my broken slumbers by the sound of passing footsteps. Some of the young gentlemen of St. Joseph's were carrying the beautiful painting of the Crucifixion, which had been removed from its frame, to the house of one of our neighbors, to the house of a plucky little Dublin lady, who quietly remarked as it was borne into her house "I will protect that picture as I would my daughter's honor." She never had occasion to protect either, but I would not have liked to see her, if it had been necessary.

The greatest annoyance, at this critical period came from our nearest neighbor. At both corners of Willing's Alley lived leading members of the Episcopal church, but very different was their conduct towards our fathers. It is a pleasure to say that the Hon. Jos. R. Ingersoll, until the

time of his death, was a true gentleman, desirous of giving us no trouble, but, on the contrary, anxious to oblige. And when we celebrated the joyful proclamation of our Mother's Immaculate Conception, it was the heavy silk curtains of Mr. Jos. R. Ingersoll which made the rich golden background, and then as on many another occasion his plants and flowers adorned our altars. On the contrary our nearer neighbor, Mrs. A . . . ne was a continual thorn in our side. In every little spiteful contrivance she and hers excelled. Their kitchen was almost contiguous to the gate of entrance to the church yard. It had a discharge spout about three or four inches above the pavement. After service, or when a funeral procession was waiting on the side walk, it was the amusement of the domestics of this amiable lady to let off the accumulated greasy water, so as to injure the dresses of the ignorant Papists.

On this eventful May night, our neighbors A . . nes were determined nothing should be done at St. Joseph's without their knowledge,—great was their devotion to curiosity! Inclination wooed them to view the glorious sight up Fourth Street, but stern duty said, these crafty Jesuits must be watched. So regular sentries were set. First was Madam "with eyes of Mars to threaten and command," her orange ribbons mingling with her gray curls; next a brawny maiden of the "Church by law established," in the old country; then my son, the vestryman of the old St. Peter's Church—in fact, the poor creatures were not relieved from their double task of watching a burning Popish church and the preparations for saving some of the valuables of a threatened Jesuit chapel, until a Catholic wag suggested the efficacious idea of lighting a fire near the wall so often crowned with heads and sprinkling it with odoriferous assafœtida. From that time the Dame considered it much more agreeable to review her fellow American Protestants returning from the field where they "had done," or, at least, yelled "well."

For some weeks we endured the calm that bodes a storm. The congregation of St. Michael's determined to spend not one Sunday without enjoying the happiness of being present at the dread Sacrifice. Men, women, and children turned out in large numbers, and worked day and night. Women and delicate maidens assisted in cleaning the old bricks and in carrying the mortar. From the debris they erected a chapel large enough to seat a thousand or more and had it finished before Saturday midnight.

St. Augustine's people followed the good example and soon had the Chapel of our "Lady of Consolation" (beautiful name!) built, where Mass was said until a much larger and more ornate edifice sprang like a phœnix from the ashes of Dr. Carr's church. It also served for various ecclesiastical purposes until, a few years since, it was torn down to make way for a fine parochial school-house.

Instead of longing for the glorious 4th of July we dreaded its approach—many feared a renewal of the fearful scenes of violence May had brought us. What, then, was our surprise when early on the morrow we learned that the pastor of the adjoining parish of St. Philip's, whose church was situated in the most bigoted part of Southwark, surrounded with the most ignorant and reckless sort of Nativists, had, the day before, openly, in broad day light, had arms and ammunition carried into the church, and that a company of volunteers, called the "Hibernia Greens," were in possession of the sacred edifice. It was a day of fearful, yea, truly awful, anxiety. During the evening, rumor, busy jade, caused many a heart to beat in dread, and many a head to bow in prayer.

On the Festival of the Most Precious Blood, my sisters and I offered our holy communion that God might protect our churches and our homes. During this season of terror our first thoughts were always not for ourselves or homes but for our churches. Judging of others by ourselves, there were few Catholics who would not have gratefully looked

on the ashes of their homes, if the House of God were only spared. After the eight and a half o'clock Mass we walked down to the fortified temple. The excited crowd of the previous night was all dispersed, and, except by ourselves and a few other of the curious descendants of an unhappily curious mother, the street was deserted. Had the authorities of the municipality of Southwark, whose office was "round the corner," posted a dozen constables in the neighborhood, no mob had assembled on the 6th of July 1844.

Our apprehensions having been allayed by the peaceful surroundings of the church, we took our usual seats in St. Mary's for the late Mass. Our pew, being on the South side of the altar, commanded a view of the greater part of the congregation. Every thing proceeded *secundum regulam et etiam consuetudines*, until the Elevation, when the startling clamor of an approaching mob was heard. Many a rosy countenance assumed the hue of the lily.

I can imagine the feelings of a father when he hears the approach of the wretches who come to slay him, the wife of his bosom, and her offspring, but how describe the sensation of a Catholic, when an insatiate rabble comes to insult the God by whom he moves and lives. Heavenly Father, I have experienced it once; my sensations then were too awful to be even now dwelt upon, much more to be recounted to others: Oh! if it be Thy holy will, may I never again endure such a trial!

I noticed that most of the men who occupied places within the pews at once arose, quietly and respectfully, and placed themselves next the door. Nearer and nearer come the cries,—a member of the city Council, who, on the evening before, when the commander of the military had given the order to fire upon the mob, had stepped before the cannon's mouth and countermanded that order, and who had then been taken prisoner and incarcerated in the House of the God of peace, had been released from confinement, and was being carried in triumph by the mob to his dwelling near

St. Mary's Church. Nearer and nearer came the shouts, but the celebrant, if he felt any fear, showed none, as the God of battles lay before him. Nearer and nearer yet came the yells, and as they passed behind the church the solemn *miserere nobis* was over, and the soothing *dona nobis pacem* of Di Monti in D floated melodiously upon our anxious ears. Further and further receded the tumult and when the *Ite missa est* was chanted all was still.

After our frugal dinner, we returned for "the office," repeating in our hearts the words of David; "for he hath hidden me in His tabernacles; in the days of evil He hath protected me in the secret places of His tabernacles." "Be Thou my helper: forsake me not: do not Thou abandon me, O God, my Saviour. For my father and my mother have forsaken me: but the Lord hath taken me up. Wait on the Lord, act manfully; and let thy heart take courage, and wait thou for the Lord." But we found the gates closed and at that moment the bell of the State-House tolled; the city was under martial law. Fearful words, "under martial law!" With sadly foreboding hearts we retraced our steps, unaware that the gilt crosses on our manuals, which we made no effort to conceal, were attracting unusual attention. Nor were we aware that by the time we reached our homes we were followed by a number of persons. Turning upon the steps, we recognized old acquaintances, our friendly salutations receiving no friendly response,—then we awoke to the fact that we were pariahs in our native city,—in the City of Brotherly love,—in a city where our ancestors had shed their blood for the country's liberty. Yes, next door neighbors, with whom our intercourse for years had been of the friendliest, now looked at us with eyes averted,—friends, who had come to us in joy and sorrow, now saw us not when we saluted, a neighborhood where we had been born and reared now knew us not, we had become strangers to our brethren, "aliens to the sons of our mother;"—our mother's only sister and that sister's

sons and daughters disowned all connection with us. Still the bell tolled on, proclaiming with iron tongue that the city of Philadelphia was under martial law.

All this while the neighborhood of St. Philip's Church was in a ferment of excitement. Queen Street and all the streets leading to it were filled with a disorderly mass of people, so that it was deemed advisable to make some concessions to the mob. A parley was beat and it was agreed that the Company of Hibernia Greens, occupying the Church, should march out with arms unloaded and reversed. All of them did not comply with the agreement. Unfortunately when they reached Second and Catharine Streets, provoked at the cruel taunts of the rabble, they turned and fired into the crowd, and believing that "he who fights and runs away may live to fight another day," they, plied their heels and scattered ingloriously in every direction. Some did not stop running until they reached Germantown and Manayunk, and Norristown, and other suburban localities more agreeable for their security than for odors; it has been said that two of them continued their weary pedestrianism until they reached New York City.

Some of the yelping mob pursued the swift warriors. One poor fellow named Gallagher was chased to Sixth and Small Streets, about half a mile from the scene of bold and daring deeds, when running panting into a house, the good house-mother hid him between two feather beds. At first the hounds were baffled in the search, and having lost the scent they were about retiring as well bred curs, when the glitter of his regimentals caught the sight of one whose snarl soon recalled the others. A rope was soon around his neck and down the stairs was he dragged and along the streets for fully three quarters of a mile to Christian and Fourth Streets where a culvert was building, when the inhuman wretches amused themselves in heaving large cobble stones upon him, varied at intervals by six or eight heavy men jumping upon him; twice they hanged him to a

lamp-post, till after two hours of torture indescribable he was rescued and carried to the Pennsylvania Hospital. On the next Sunday I saw him apparently unscarred and unscathed. It had been remarked that in both these riots it was impossible to kill an Irishman. A few years after, he rented a stable belonging to us, situated where the east end of the present College building stands, and one hot afternoon in July he ate some blushing raspberries smothered in cream, and in two hours he was where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Old Brother McGirr used to say, with one of his peculiar laughs: "poor Gallagher, all the Nativists in Philadelphia could not kill him, and a saucer of berries did it."

The firing of the brave "lads in Green" was the signal for the attack upon the Church. In ten minutes the interior was gutted. Lewis C. Levin, whose wife, daughter, and step-daughter have since been received into the Church by one of our fathers, mounting the sacred table in front of the tabernacle, delivered a harangue, which for blasphemy and ribaldry would have befitted the days of the French Revolution.

General Cadwalader, who commanded the military, had established his head-quarters at the old Girard Bank in Third Street opposite Dock. Finding it necessary to be there, he with two of his officers, in citizen-dress and unarmed, entered a close carriage at the Church, and had succeeded in passing through the mob, when they were recognized by an old woman, the wife of a Catholic who had not sense enough to hold his silence. At once the cry and hue was raised of "Old Cadwalader! Bloody Cadwalader! Irish Cadwalader!" and four or five hundred furious men started in pursuit. The driver drove for life. When turning Second Street into Pine, a stalwart American citizen of Scotch birth caught the near horse by the bit, and the carriage was brought to a halt. My eldest brother, whose dormant Catholicity had been roused by the persecution,

and whom my good mother imagined she had safely locked up in the second story back room, but who had climbed the pipe and was in the midst of the excitement, taking in the situation with a glance of the eye, although a slender, weak young man, seized the gentleman from Glasgow by the throat and dashed him to the ground, while the *noble* brutes dashed wildly on. Henry, Henry, why were you so reckless? As it was generally believed that my brother was anti-Catholic, acquaintances surrounded him and his bad reputation saved him from the fury of the mob, who would willingly have made him a victim to their baffled rage.

The majority of the mob pursued the fleeing commander-in-chief until they reached Third and Spruce Streets. Third Street between Spruce and Walnut was at that time paved with wooden blocks. The horses on reaching this smooth pavement made such speed that the mob, having a salutary fear of the loaded cannons that guarded the entrance to the bank, gave over the pursuit.

They halted and consulted as to their further proceedings. A part proposed to attack the Jesuit Church in Willing's Alley, but it was too near head-quarters; some suggested St. Mary's, but the majority wished to return to the field of their preceding efforts; and the majority, as in all well regulated mobs, carried the day.

My mother, sisters, and worthy self, were standing, in a state of palpitating excitement, upon the door-steps, anxious to see, hear, and know all that was going on, when a constable ran up and began to push us into the house, saying; "for God's sake go in! bar the door!" and to me, "my son, close the shutters as soon as you can." It was timely advice, a large portion of the mob, in returning to St. Philip's, passed down Spruce Street, and being informed by an officious neighbor, to whom much kindness had been shown by my brother at a time when kindness was sorely needed, that this was the house of the young man who had rescued the General, made an effort to enter, and, not suc-

ceeding, stoned the house. Happily they were in a hurry to return to the scene of nobler exploits, for if they had gone up the alley, there was not a shutter to any of the back windows, and there were only five frightened women and a delicate lad of fourteen to oppose them. This incident made us aware that my brother was not up stairs sleeping soundly, as we thought; and anxiety for his safety was added to the other terrors of that fearful 6th of July.

The departure of the mob found us again doing duty upon the post of observation. The weather was extremely hot, the solemn sound of the tolling bell had a most melancholy effect, and the marching, to the scene of disturbance, of the soldiery from the interior of the state, sent by the Governor, gave rise to many terrifying reports and surmises. Indeed it was a day hard to banish from the memory.

In the meanwhile the rioters were not idle. They had gone to all the stores for squares, and made requisitions, collecting all the powder, shot, nails, chains, in fact every thing that could be used in loading the cannon they had obtained. Then they waited for the night.

It was a night of more than ordinary darkness. The moon was ashamed to look upon such doings and the stars kept her company. At the usual hour the gas was lighted, but was soon extinguished by the rioters in their neighborhood. At this time the military were in the Church and guards were posted on all sides to meet the mob if it should attempt to regain possession. Poor soldiers! they were in a most trying position. On the roofs of all the surrounding buildings were men, and women, and boys, with muskets, and rifles, and pistols, and stones, and hot water to fire or pour down upon them. They stood out boldly in the light. Whilst the rabble at Queen and Front Streets could take easy aim, themselves being in the dark, the only thing the soldiers had to direct their aim was the flash of the cannon, which the rioters would load in Front Street, then suddenly

wheel round into Queen Street, take deliberate aim, fire, and the man who applied the match was back in Front Street almost before the soldiers had seen the flash.

Every thing seemed to be against the volunteers, and according to every human calculation they should have suffered severely; but, in fact, God was against the rioters. If my memory does not fail me, not one soldier was killed and but one or two were injured; on the other hand, the rioters acknowledged a heavy loss of life, and some carry their inglorious scars to this day. It was a well known fact, although great efforts were made to keep it secret, that scores of killed Nativists were carried to the different wharfs, and even far down "the Neck," and with heavy weights attached were thrown into the river. For months and even years after, when bodies in various degrees of decomposition, with great stones attached, were discovered in the Delaware, they were quietly buried, with the connivance of the municipal authorities and the press. It is now not an uncommon thing, when instructing some convert from the south-eastern portion of the city to hear: "Rev. sir, my father (or my uncle, or my brother), was killed at the time of the riots at St. Philip's. They just carried him down and threw him into the river." "The bowels of the wicked are cruel."

In the small wee hours of July 7th, the weary mob, seeing that victory was not theirs, gradually dispersed, and by 4 o'clock, the soldiers were sleeping upon the pavements of Queen, Second and Third Streets, or talking together and partaking of refreshments furnished by the neighbors, unconscious of the castor-oil, salts, and other drugs introduced for their especial delectation.

For weeks a heavy gloom hung over Philadelphia. The city was still under martial law, and the streets leading to the Catholic churches being guarded by soldiers, not a little inconvenience was caused to pedestrians, and as then we had few omnibuses and no street-cars, most people had to pedestrianize.

During this reign of terror St. Joseph's was guarded with more than ordinary care from the espionage of the A . . . ne household. The dread Sacrifice was daily offered up in the dear old basement, but the dear old altar, with its antependium of the Passion instruments, was removed last year to make room for the present beautiful altar of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary.

The excesses of May and July caused a very salutary reaction in public sentiment. The eloquent but sarcastic preachers of St. Augustine's and St. Philip's received from the Bishop kind permission to take a trip to Europe, from which they did not return until after his translation to the archdiocese of Baltimore. And when, shortly after, the Academy of the Fine Arts was destroyed by the torch of the incendiary, the halcyon days of Catholicity began in the city of Penn. The city proper willingly and liberally paid for the destruction of St. Agustine's, and, if it could only have wiped out the disgrace, would willingly and liberally have paid for that of St. Michael's, and for the injury done to St. Philip's, although both were situated in distinct municipalities.

(*To be continued.*)

FATHER WENINGER ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

SIXTH LETTER.

I closed my labors in the solitary St. Patrick's church, and returned to Portland. Here I gave a retreat to the assembled clergy of the dioceses of Portland and Nesqualy. To ensure the wonted success of the Spiritual Exercises I

enjoined absolute silence, and, though want of room and proper accommodations frequently, perhaps, tempted to an infraction, I was convinced again, that a strict observance of this rule, together with a close adherence to a method of giving retreats alluded to in my second letter, produces the happiest results. After completing the clerical retreat, I complied with two other requests of giving the exercises. A congregation of Sisters founded by a Canadian bishop under the title of "Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary," was the first to claim my services. Like so many kindred institutions, which during the current century sprang up in France and elsewhere, their main object is the instruction of Christian youth, especially, the education of girls.

The site of their convent is judiciously chosen; it commands a full view of very picturesque environs. From this point Mt. Hood, though thirty miles distant, is distinctly visible towering into the sky.

My next sojourn was at Fort Vancouver, the residence of the Bishop of Nesqualy, Washington Territory. There I conducted the Sisters of St. Anne through the Spiritual Exercises. Though I consider it out of the missionary's province to give retreats to Sisters, since upon him devolves the sterner duty of reclaiming the lost and wandering sheep, while others care for those within the fold, still, as Priests were so few and the Spiritual wants so many, I judged it expedient to lend my aid in that direction, and perfect the work of the diocese.

And now the time had come to set out for the extreme end of the Western continent. Often when studying the map of the U. S., I had said to myself: Would that I might even reach that point and find, at least some Indians there to baptize and console; but how agreeably was I surprised, when the Bishop of Victoria, the capital of Vancouver's Island, invited me to open a mission in his cathedral. I embarked immediately, and as the projected road from Port-

land to Puget Sound was not even begun, I had to make the entire distance by sea. We re-crossed the dreaded Columbia Bar in safety, but soon another danger stared us in the face. The woods sloping down to the coast and girding the island caught fire. Dense clouds of smoke drifted athwart our path and a heavy fog darkened the whole atmosphere. This combination of untoward circumstances greatly imperilled our voyage; we were fortunate, however, to escape every accident, and hove in sight of Victoria. The steamer, in order to avoid paying wharfage and duties twice, neither entered the harbor, nor delivered her cargo, but stood off at a distance of three miles. In consequence, all passengers bound for the city were obliged to have recourse to boats and barges for transference. I declined to engage a boat and waited for a schooner that came up, but, to my great regret, I learned that it was destined exclusively for the transport of the Chinamen and baggage aboard. Anxious to be in the city before night, I was perplexed how to acccomplish my purpose. In this plight, I descried a skiff skimming the waves and rapidly advancing towards us. Soon it lay along side of our steamer. When the oarsman of the little craft, a mere shell, offered to carry two persons ashore, all the passengers urged me to accept of his services and make one of the party. Besides, the seaman promised to row his best and outstrip the schooner in reaching the city. Darkness was setting in and there was no time to be lost. I accepted the terms, and consigning my trunk to the transport I ventured to step into the tiny boat.

Victoria, which is an important sea-port, ranks third on the island, and is magnificently situated. For the charms of its surrounding scenery it stands unrivalled. Endless perspectives of rural beauty and wild ocean and mountain grandeur lengthen out before you. Puget Sound, just opposite, is dotted with a countless number of charming little islands, and the shores when viewed from the Mountain

Range or the Cascade line, where glaciers tower and glide, gives a correct idea of the truly sublime in nature.

My labors opened here with a Retreat to the Sisters of St. Anne, after which I entered upon the severer task of a mission at the cathedral. To know in what language to address my hearers, I inquired first, what nationalities were represented in the congregation.

The answer was: "We have here English, Irish, Germans, French, Italians, Spaniards, Indians." My resolution was easily taken. Learning, however, that, with the exception of the Indians, all the rest understood English, I determined to use that language in my sermons, reserving the others for use in the Confessional. The Mission was a great success; and I was especially glad that it was given in a city called "Victoria," and in a cathedral dedicated to St. Andrew, the Apostle of the Cross. I said to myself: "You may now be thankful to God, Christians of Victoria, that in my missionary journeyings I have reached this end of the continent and erected the emblem of salvation among you." One of the local papers gave a most favorable account of the Mission and its results.

After my Mission at Victoria I went to visit two congregations on the shores of Puget Sound. These congregations must, of necessity, increase very rapidly, since the Western terminus of the Northern Pacific R. R. will be in their neighborhood; and a city is in prospect which, they say, will far surpass San Francisco.

To go back to Portland and the Southern part of Oregon, I had to pass over what is called the Olympia stage-road, and I may remark that staging in that part of the country is a most tiresome and often, too, a most dangerous mode of travelling. But that road over which I had to travel is perhaps the very worst among the bad. It was in a most wretched condition, with a great depth of mud on it and innumerable deep holes over which we had to jolt at an awful rate. I determined that I would never be so severe

as to give to any sinner whatever such a hard penance as that of travelling over this road by stage. I myself was far more wearied by six hours of it than by the whole journey from N. York to San Francisco. The worst feature of it all was that in the very ugliest part of the road, where it was all covered with slush or water we heard the stern command of the driver: "Gentlemen, walk!" I remonstrated, stating that I had only light shoes on me. "Can't help you, Sir, this is our rule." Soon we came to an elevation so steep that it was with the greatest difficulty the poor horses could pull the stage after them, and it was distressing to hear their loud and violent breathing. One of the passengers exclaimed; "Goodness me, I'm afraid those horses will explode!"

A very interesting view, on that road through Washington Territory, is the height of the fir-trees reaching often over 300 feet. This timber is used for ship-masts and sent even to China and St. Petersburg. A man who had approached the Territory from the seaside seeing something outtopping the clouds was curious enough to ask what it could be. The answer he received was: "trees." "What, said he, "trees above the clouds!" He thought it was but a joke until he had come ashore and seen with his own eyes the immense height of those trees. The bases of some of them were as much as twelve feet in diameter, and so difficult a thing is it to fell such monsters and clear the ground after their fall that few persons could think of settling there, until the railroads brought activity and enterprise with them. The climate is very agreeable and the temperature much milder than that of the Eastern States in the same latitude.

After a stay of some days at Portland, I took the stage to Jacksonville, a city on the Southern borders of Oregon. An incident that occurred there will serve to show with what zeal the people entered upon the Mission. A theatrical troupe arrived there on Friday and announced that they would play a comedy on the next day. It is wonder-

ful what excitement such an announcement causes in such a place. Yet, though the drums were beating and the band playing, inviting people to come to the show, only seven persons attended it. They preferred to go to the Church and hear the sermon, so the play was deferred until the mission should have ended.

From Jacksonville I proceeded to Roseburg, where I gave a mission, and had the pleasure of receiving into the Church some Americans of note, among whom were relatives of the ex-Governor of Oregon. My next mission I was obliged to preach in the courthouse of the town, as there was no church fit for the purpose. Thence I proceeded to Corvallis. All these towns are situate in the fertile, thickly settled and well cultivated Willamette valley, of about three hundred miles in extent, and containing Salem the capital of the territory. At this latter place I lectured on the Infalibility, while the Legislature was in session, some of whose members came to listen and seemed to appreciate the bearing of the arguments. During my stay in Salem an amusing little incident happened to me in connection with a Jew who was a tailor in that city. Having visited him in order to secure the services of his craft, I was quite surprised to hear him launch forth into most cordial eulogies on the advantages of my mission, begging me not to forget to come from time to time, in order that they might oftener have the opportunity of profiting by so great a blessing. Not knowing what motives he could have for such enthusiastic admiration, I asked him why he seemed so much pleased with the mission as even to desire a repetition of the same. "It was owing to your mission" he said "that restitution was made to me for stolen property. A very fine thing that mission! I hope, Rev., Sir, to see you again." Noticing his good disposition, I asked him if he sincerely believed all that the prophets had foretold respecting the coming of the Messiah. "Certainly I believe" he replied. Well then, I continued, I shall simply refer to the

prophecy of Aggeus. This prophet tells us that the Jews, at the command of God, erected a temple in honor of the Most High, but, seeing that "*it was as nothing in comparison to the one*" built by Solomon, they wept and refused to be comforted. The prophet, to console them, affirmed that this second temple, nevertheless, would become more glorious than the first, because "*saith the Lord of Hosts, the desired of all nations shall come, and I will fill this house with glory.*" Now, I argued, this second temple is no longer in existence, and consequently, the Messiah must have come when it *did* exist, or else the prophet has deceived you. "This prophet you speak of," he replied, "is not mentioned in our Hebrew Bible." "Yes he is," I answered, and requesting him to bring me his bible I pointed out the desired passage. Having read the prophecy and convinced himself of the truth of my assertion, he seemed quite perplexed and stood for some moments in mute astonishment. At length, suddenly casting the book into a corner of the room, he exclaimed; "No matter, let the prophet say what he pleases; sooner than become a Christian I will perish with Jerusalem!" Not heeding this outburst of passion I calmly remarked; "How unreasonable! prove to me that the Messiah has not yet come and I, Catholic priest that I am, will turn Jew. But He has come as the prophet foretold. Please take this," I continued, handing him a volume in defence of our holy Religion, "and learn for yourself the claim which Catholicity possesses in calling herself the true Church of the Messiah."

After leaving the capital of Oregon it was my good fortune once again to enjoy the magnificent scenery of the Columbia River. Nowhere have I seen the wild grandeur of creation more lavishly displayed than along the banks of this noble stream. So varied are the scenes and so multifarious the views, that the tourist must needs be ever on the alert, if he would not fail to take in the entire extent of their beauty and sublimity. The eye one moment viewing towering cliffs, interspersed with dashing cascades,

the next, resting on numerous islands teeming with luxuriant vegetation, prompts one to speak of the Creator as "*ludens in orbe terraram*," playing in the world while creating it. The current of the river, in some places, is so strong, that steamers are frequently, repulsed, and are often obliged to exert their utmost force if they would make the least headway.

The next mission I gave was at Walla Walla, when I preached before one English and two French congregations. Here I had the happiness of meeting with three of our Fathers residing among the Coeur d'Alene Indians, and saw with ineffable consolation the incalculable amount of good, which the good Fathers accomplished among these poor children of the forest. What joy it gave me to witness this rude people assemble regularly morning and evening to repeat in unison their humble petitions and benedictions to the Giver of all blessings! Happy Indians! who live with your holy priests safe from the danger of a corrupt civilization, pure in your baptismal innocence, and rivalling by the fervor and simplicity of your lives the heroic lessons left us by the first followers of the Apostles. It is painful to think how soon corruption, following in the train of advancing civilization, may invade your happy solitude, to poison the pure joys which a simple Faith secures to you.

Concluding my missions at Walla Walla and neighborhood, I was obliged to undertake the tedious voyage back again to Portland. Winter was now fast approaching, but before I could return to San Francisco I was engaged to give a series of sermons to a French Congregation at Cowlitz in the diocese of Nesqualy. Thence I returned by canoe to Portland, where I took the steamer for San Francisco. I was accompanied by Mr Holliday, the superintendent of the line, his son-in-law, and the ex-governor of Oregon who were very attentive to me. I predicted a safe and pleasant trip, and the event so justified my prediction that the Captain said a voyage even in midsummer could not have been more favorable.

INDIAN MISSIONS—LAKE HURON.

KILLARNEY, MANITOULINE ISLAND,
MAY 6th, 1874.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER,

P. C.

You no doubt accuse me of neglect and ingratitude; but *ad impossibile nemo tenetur.* How could I write with paddle in hand, or in the midst of a snow-shoe tramp? I suppose you have heard of Father Férard's quitting our mission for Sault Ste. Marie, and leaving me alone with Father Blettner, whose age and infirmities confine him to the village of Wikwemikong.* This throws the heavy burthen of our vast mission upon my poor shoulders; and thus, farewell to the few snatches of leisure I used to get before. Walking is no more enough, as it was formerly; I must be always on the run, in the fond hope of doing work that would suffice for three zealous missionaries. Now, honestly, can you accuse me of negligence?

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* *Killarney* is the Post Office address of our mission of the Holy Cross, *Wikwemikong* the name of the Indian village where the missionaries reside.

For the better understanding of our correspondent's winter labors, it may not be amiss to remember the main outlines of his field of operations. Lake Huron is divided into two unequal portions by a long peninsula trending to the North West, called Cabot's Head, and the Manitouline chain of islands. In the largest of the chain, the Great Manitoulin or Sacred Isle, is the Mission of the Holy Cross. The Northern and Eastern parts of the Lake are called Manitou (i. e. Great Spirit) Bay or Lake, or the North Channel, and Georgian Bay.

Lake Nipissing lies to the North East of Lake Huron, nearly midway between it and the Ottawa River. It covers an area of some 1700 square miles, and connects with Georgian Bay by French River, the navigation of which is impeded by numerous rapids.—ED. W. L.

Take a map of Lake Huron, measure the length and breadth of the Georgian Bay, plus Lake Nipissing and its surroundings: you will have the exact extent of our mission, of the field I have to range over at least twice a year—more than three hundred miles from one end to the other. I have to visit at least forty different stations scattered within those limits. Nor are the means of locomotion remarkably easy: in summer a steamboat helps me part of the way, but the rest has to be done in barges or bark canoes, and in winter most of the journey is hard snow-shoe walking.

I at first hesitated to give you a sketch of my tramps this last winter, for fear of discouraging the young recruits who are preparing to join us and our dear Indians. But sober second thoughts told me this fear was an insult to their courage. The only effect of fatigues and dangers upon the true soldier is to spur him on to renewed devotedness; and is not the missionary the truest of soldiers, he who battles for a Crucified God? If I may be allowed to give evidence for myself, I must say I have never regretted having asked for these Indian Missions; I hope, with God's grace, to remain at my post till the end, and I should be only too happy to die in harness.

Immediately after my annual Retreat (the only re-victualling time my poor soul has), began my winter excursions. This was in the early part of December. Two villages, the one ten miles, the other nineteen or twenty miles from our head-quarters, were the first to be visited. After spending a week in each, I came back to Wikwemikong, crossing fields and forests, through water and mud, often knee-deep. The day after my return, some people from Jiboanoning, a village fifteen miles off, came to get me for the holy days of Christmas and New Year's, intending to bring me back on the ice.* I went with them, and remained there as late as

*Though the Great Lakes do not freeze over completely, still, just as happens in the St. Lawrence for the last 200 miles of its course, where its width increases from ten to fifty miles, the immediate coast-line, together

the Epiphany, waiting in vain to return by the *ice-bridge*. But the bays and gulfs would not *take;* so, at last, I lost all patience, and, knowing that I was expected in other villages by persons in danger of death, I resolved to make an effort. I managed to get a small barge dragged over the frozen shore-fringe and launched amid the floating cakes of ice that met us on every side. With the help of two men who joined me in this rather dangerous attempt, I reached our Holy Cross Mission at night-fall, safe and sound, thank God, but sorely jaded and all covered with icicles.

On the morrow of the next day, I started off again, on snow-shoes this time and alone, for Mitchiwigatinong, thirty or forty miles from Wikwemikong, and for my other missions on the Grand Manitouline Island. On my way to the second station, Shishigwoning, at least sixty miles from Mitchiwigatinong, I suffered more than I can tell. In the midst of a terrific snow-storm, with the thermometer awfully low, worn out more by hunger than fatigue, I fell prostrate on the ice, at a short distance from the village I was going to, unable to drag myself any farther. Thus, had not Divine Providence willed otherwise, I should have ended my days like Father de Noue, of the Old Society, who, as you may remember, was found on his knees in the snow, frozen to death. I was quite resigned to my fate, and was even thanking Our Good God for so soon granting me the grace I longed for, that of dying on the battle-field.

I felt but one pang of regret, and that was for my poor forsaken Indians. This it was which made me pray for life. God was not slow to answer my unworthy prayer. Presently both wind and snow ceased, and you may imagine

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with the bays and inlets, becomes ice-bound, thus affording a means of transportation and travel, cheaper, easier, and more expeditious than anything short of steam communication. When the ice connects two promontories or the opposite banks of a river, the *ice-bridge* is said to be *formed* and the bay or river *taken*. Any protracted delay in this yearly formation is a source of great inconvenience to travellers.—Ed. W. L.

my delight when I saw coming to my rescue several Redskins, who had spied me from their village. In a moment they were by me, in another, they had taken off my snow-shoes, laid me on a light sledge, and carried me off full tilt to their huts, where a little food and a couple of hours in a comfortable seat near a good fire, set me all right again. That very evening, I said the night prayers with them, and, all together, we sang a hymn of thanksgiving for my deliverance. Next day, I began my usual ministrations, as if I had not been at death's door on the eve. Nine days were spent in this village, preaching, catechizing, etc.

Afterwards, I went to a large saw-mill built at the mouth of the Spanish River, which falls into Lake Huron nearly opposite to the centre of the north shore of Great Manitoulin. This station is thirty or forty miles from the preceding one. I spent some days here, and then followed the river up some fifty miles, calling at the "shanties," (gatherings of timber workmen), which supply the saw-mill. Thence I moved on to Burch Lake, a few miles from the last shanty; there I remained some days with a band of Indians, part Christian, part infidel, instructing some catechumens whom I baptized before leaving. On the home stretch down Spanish River, I visited a few families, settled here and there, as well as some other stations, which it would be too long to enumerate. Finally, after spending a few days more at Mitchiwigatinong, the first station visited, I returned to Wikwemikong, stopping, on the way, at two stations which had been passed by on the outward journey.

I had hoped for a short respite, after so long a tramp, and well nigh two month's absence; but circumstances, or rather God, forbade it. Even before my arrival at headquarters, a sick call had come from Kabekanong, seventy odd miles away; and the dying had to be patient till my return. Immediately therefore, and in great haste, I was off again. A moment only did I halt by the way, to visit another sick man who had been long waiting for me to die

in peace. I reached Kabekanong in the middle of the night, and, without delay, went to see a poor suffering woman, whose illness ought to have killed her some months before, but who would not consent to die, and would not die, she said, before seeing the priest. Whether she had had a revelation about it, or not, I cannot say; but, sure enough, every thing turned out just as she had wished and foretold it. She was lying on her bed when I came in. As soon as she recognized my voice, she showed her gratitude by pressing my hand, and blessed herself, asking me at the same time to hear her confession, which she made with great faith and earnestness. With a word of consolation, and a promise to return with Holy Communion early on the morrow, I betook myself to a neighboring house. Soon, however, she sent for me again, saying she felt much weaker. I accordingly gave her Extreme Unction and the plenary indulgence *in articulo mortis;* and scarcely an hour after, she was yielding up to God her beautiful soul, with all the marks of faith, love, and especially gratitude for the long-wished-for gift. Truly, God has his chosen ones every where, even among savages, and in the fastnesses of the forest.

Twenty miles more brought me to Kitchikitigoning, where I found another sick call. The Indians of this village, with whom I spent two days, did not cease to thank me and to show how grateful they were, because, said they, I was the first of the Fathers who had thought of visiting them during winter, and who had dared to come so far, etc.

Returning, I evangelized the saw-mils and shanties of Byng Inlet, and Collins Inlet,—and, lastly, came to Killarney, where I spent the last four days of Holy Week, and Easter Sunday. I returned, afterwards, to Wikwemikong, but could not remain long at head-quarters, as I have since called at Michael's Bay, some thirty miles from Wikwemikong, where I found our Indians making their sugar provision from the maple trees on the shores of "Manitou

Lake." At present I have been here (at Killarney) eight days, waiting for the steamboat to take me to my southerly missions.

As you see, dear Reverend Father, I have precious little time to spare: however, thanks be to God, my strength seems to increase with my work.

You may pass this letter to the scholastics. God grant this feeble sketch of the labors of their fellow-novice may foster, in the hearts of many, a vocation to these Indian Missions, where true laurels are never wanting! And let them come soon, lest we should be completely crushed by our overwhelming burthen.

Commending myself to your Holy Sacrifices and prayers, I remain,

Ræ. Væ. servulus in Christo,

PAUL NADEAU, S. J.

RELATIONS OF "MEDICINE-MEN" WITH THE EVIL SPIRIT.

In an interesting letter that Fr. Grassi sent us a few months ago, he had occasion to speak of an epidemic that had broken out among the Sinpesquensi Indians whilst he was staying at their camp. "During this epidemic," he writes, "no less than five Indian doctors were continually busy about the sick and dying; and it was only after they had tried all their incantations that I could have access to the poor sufferers. In vain did I endeavor to dissuade them from their foolish or devilish practices. I was speaking to

the winds. Sorcery is practised by them to so great an extent that most of the men have some satanic spell or other about them. This is the way they manage to procure it: One will go rambling alone in the woods, abstaining from food and drink for ten, fifteen or even twenty days, until at last from sheer exhaustion, he falls into a state of senselessness. Then, whether in trance or waking he does not know, the *genius loci* appears to him and asks him if he wishes to be lucky in something or other, such as fishing, hunting, trapping, or the curing of diseases. On the man's answering in the affirmative he becomes the bondsman of his visitor, from whom he receives a badge. It may be a feather, or a claw, or a ring of the rattlesnake. This badge, which they call *somesh*, they preserve with religious care and, to doctors especially, who are supposed to have the most powerful spell, it is a very rich source of revenue."

Naturally enough, such a piece of information coming to us from such a source, aroused a lively interest and moved us to inquire more fully into the matter. To these inquiries Fr. Grassi replies by the following letter to Fr. Valente:

WASHINGTON TERRITORY,
ATTANAM, MAY 26, '74.

REV. DEAR FATHER,

In my last trip I did not fail to ascertain, as you wished me to do, the true story about the talisman which the medicine-men are said to receive from the evil one. I offer you now the result of my investigations.

A famous medicine-man, whom I had baptized some months ago, came lately to confession, and after he had finished I asked him to sit down and began at once to question him as to the way in which he had obtained his *somesh*. This was his answer: When I was a boy about twelve years of age I began to ramble alone on the mountains in search of a *somesh*. One day—it was the fifth that I had passed without having eaten or drunk anything—

whilst walking on the side of a mountain, I heard a great noise as if a mountain had fallen on the one where I was. I stopped in dismay, when I heard a human voice calling on me to approach. Immediately I hastened towards the place whence the voice had come, when, upon raising my eyes, I saw, at a distance of about fifteen steps, a very beautiful young man covered with white feathers. He was, indeed, a splendid sight to look upon and whilst I was gazing, in mute wonder, at him, without approaching any nearer to him, he told me not to fear, that he was a dweller in another world far away from this, but that he had leave to go and come at pleasure. He held in his hand a bow and arrow which he showed to me saying that he meant to give them to me, as he wished me to become valiant in hunting. Having said this, he threw the bow and arrow on the ground; other things, too, he told me, which I have now quite forgotten. At last he said: "Well I am going away now, but I shall see you again;" and he disappeared from my sight. Then I went up to the spot where he had thrown his bow and arrow, but there was nothing to be seen. I looked all around among the trees, trying to catch another glimpse of him, but in vain. I understood, however, what he meant. So I went home and made myself a bow and plenty of arrows; and from that day my aim has been unerring.

About one year after, whilst I was again travelling in search of a *somesh*, I heard the voice of a man calling on me and, upon looking up, I saw a bear. I was very much frightened and began to look around for the man that had called me. Then the bear, with precisely the same human voice, spoke to me and said: "Approach and be not afraid. I am a bear, a brute which you can kill with your arrow. You will, in fact, kill me, flay me and eat my flesh. Now I wish to teach you how to cure certain diseases—he mentioned what they were—You will apply your hands as I do. Look—there was a stick there and, whilst he spoke, he put

his paws upon it—Now, continued he, shoot me." Immediately I shot him dead, flayed him, ate a part of his flesh, took his paw for a *somesh* and went my way rejoicing.

Some two years later I was walking on the mountains and heard the *pici*—a bird very common in these parts—I looked to see him, but saw instead a very beautiful boy, white and feathered and like in every respect, save his size, to the one whom I had seen before. Near him was a rattlesnake and the boy told me how to cure the bite of the reptile. "Kill that snake," said he, "and take his tooth for a *somesh*." I was afraid to stir, when, suddenly, the boy disappeared and the *pici* pounced upon the rattlesnake and killed him. Then I saw nothing more but the dead snake. I cautiously approached and, finding him really dead, I took out his poisonous tooth and went off.

The evil one shows himself very frequently to our medicine-men and speaks to them through wild geese and caiotes. Usually he teaches them a song which they take good care to sing during their incantations. By the application of the hands I believe that magnetism is taught them; and that they have worked cures thereby, not only upon Indian patients but upon white ones also, who had been given up by other doctors, are incontestible facts. Hoping that I have fully satisfied your query,

I remain in the SS. Hearts of Jesus and Mary,

Yours truly,

U. Grassi, S. J.

DEATH OF MR. THOMAS J. DIXON, S. J.

In recording the death of the young Religious whose name appears at the head of this notice, we feel that we are discharging a duty, not only of affection to our youthful brother who has gone before us to his eternal rest, but equally of gratitude to God who surrounded the last days of that young life with so many striking manifestations of a singular love and mercy. Those who witnessed this truly beautiful death, which has left upon them all an impression not likely soon to fail, understood the truth and the full meaning of those words of Father Faber, that a death precious in the sight of God "is a work of divine art, accomplished by supernatural skill and flushed with the glow of eternal beauty." Such was his death—so peaceful, so resigned, so full of faith and joyous hope.

Our departed brother had come to us at the opening of the last scholastic year, after a Juniorate which warranted the brightest hopes of a brilliant course of Philosophy, and full of ardor for his new work. But in the mysterious Providence of God it was decreed that those bright hopes should not be made good, according to our human views. His Father's love had something far brighter and more precious in store for him than brilliant success in human science; he was to "fulfil a long time, being made perfect in a short space." He had not fairly begun his studies here when he was suddenly compelled to lay them aside. An unexpected hemorrhage, apparently the result of a cold which had not seemed to be serious, obliged him to keep his room, with rare and short intervals, from the beginning of the Autumn until the 5th of May, the day of his death.

During all this long and tedious confinement, which must have been peculiarly irksome to such a nature as his, young, ardent, and active, we had many occasions daily to observe the gentle but strongly efficacious working of divine grace overcoming nature. Of a naturally quick and impetuous disposition, he never once complained of this chafing restriction and unwelcome inaction; of a remarkably sensitive temperament, keenly alive to the least physical pain, no murmur ever escaped his lips; though each week brought new complications to his already painful disease, hardly a suppressed sigh of suffering was ever allowed to distress those who attended him with affectionate solicitude. He was the youngest member of the community, snatched away just as he was about to cross the threshold of manhood; but in patient self-restraint and unfailing submission to the divine will he was truly a teacher to all.

As we watched the fluctuations of his illness, the hope was often rekindled that he might yet recover and realize the future of great usefulness which had seemed to be prepared for him; prayers and novenas were offered for that life of so much promise, and at each successive relapse he would smile and say: "Well, God knows best what is good for me. If He does not give me health of body, He will grant to your charity what is much better for my soul."

At last it became evident that there was no hope of his recovery; and on the morning of Good Friday Rev. Fr. Rector took occasion to tell him that in all human probability the end was very near. But the warning was not needed. He received the tidings without any surprise, only replying that he had felt already that he could not hope to recover and that he had cheerfully made the offering of his life in union with the offering which our Lord had made for us on that day. And yet, though weak and wasted by his long and trying sickness, his strong will and a generous desire to inconvenience others as little as possible, enabled him to appear stronger than he really was, and it was not

until the last day of April that he ceased to sit up during the day. It seemed to give him great consolation that not till within three or four days before his death were any of his brethren obliged to watch by him during the night. This generous spirit of self-forgetfulness and of thoughtfulness for others, even in those moments when his sufferings were most acute, was one of those beautiful traits of character which shone most strikingly throughout his whole illness and won him so much affectionate sympathy and sincere admiration. Another was the rapt devotion with which he used to receive the Blessed Eucharist, a privilege which he enjoyed often during the last month or two of his life. We have heard some of his companions, who accompanied the B. Sacrament to the sick room on these occasions, telling how he seemed to be unconscious of any presence save that of the Divine Physician, whom he received with a faith and joyful love that shone most strikingly in his countenance and whole bearing. The effects of these blessed visits were visible far in the day to those who were in the habit of attending to him daily, and seemed actually to give him new physical endurance as they certainly did renew the life and strength of the spirit.

On the Saturday before his death, it was thought proper to administer to him the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, which he received with a deep, fervent, and cheerful piety that lit up his face while the prayers of the Church were recited. Many, who had stayed to take leave of him, came from the room with tears of emotion, an emotion which seems to linger still when they speak of the beautiful scene they witnessed then. He alone seemed to rejoice while others wept, and he gently chid one of the Fathers who stood by his bed-side and who had been his warm friend at college, because he seemed to grieve.

On Monday, May 4th, early in the morning, a sudden change came which seemed the immediate forerunner of death; the prayers for the dying were said and the last

absolution given. But he rallied again, though his state was so doubtful during the remaining twenty-four hours of life that the Fathers, relieving each other at intervals, remained by him continually until the moment of his death. On the following morning he began to show those signs of restlessness which betoken approaching death; he expressed a desire to sit up but as soon as he saw that those about him seemed uneasy, for he was too weak to bear any movement at all, his habit of self-denying submission overcame this natural impulse: "Certainly," he said, "it is better so; I am quite satisfied." One of his companions, who was sitting up with him at the time, brought him his crucifix which he kissed devoutly, then laying it upon his breast he folded his arms over it and kept it pressed to his heart for about half an hour with a most touching expression of deep love and quiet joy. All the restlessness disappeared; he seemed to have found real comfort and relief in that silent communion with his Crucified Lord. At a little after half past five o'clock Rev. Fr. Rector asked him if he would like to receive the Viaticum again; joyfully he asked to enjoy that favor once more, and at about six o'clock his wish was gratified. After some moments spent in silent thanksgiving, there came a visible change and a quick sinking. He continued to make ejaculatory prayers, commending himself to Jesus, Mary and Joseph, until strength and utterance failed; his breathing which was quiet and apparently painless, failed gradually until it became so weak that when, at twenty-five minutes past seven o'clock, it had ceased entirely, no one of those who were watching him narrowly to catch his last breath, could say at what precise moment he had passed away. He had kept his consciousness until within a very few moments before the end and was perfectly aware of all that was going on about him. Cheered and strengthened by all the sacred helps which the Church and the Society can offer to the most favored of their children, he died in the midst of his brethren

whilst they were reciting the Church's prayers for his departing soul.

How many, many beautiful incidents and traits of character we could recall of him, which are fixed in the memory of those who had the melancholy satisfaction of ministering to him during his long illness! We have recorded a few facts which speak more eloquently than any panegyric, for they are beautiful with the beauty of grace and holiness. There are, however, two incidents connected with his early life which we cannot refrain from mentioning, because they seem to reveal to us the action of that same loving Providence which since so strikingly marked him as a favored child. He loved to tell how, in his early infancy, his nurse, happening to enter with him one day into the cathedral of his native city, Dublin, found that a number of little children were just then being consecrated by the Archbishop to the Blessed Virgin. The nurse immediately brought forward her own little charge who was consecrated with the others to the Mother of God. He never wavered in his love and devotion to the Mother who seemed to have thus specially adopted him as her own ; and in spite of all the calculations of physicians and of the weakness and decay which threatened a much earlier end, his entrance into a better life was reserved for the opening days of Mary's own month of grace and blessings.

As soon as he was old enough to serve at the altar, he became a regular attendant in the sanctuary of the Jesuit Church in Upper Gardiner St., Dublin, where, besides serving Mass, he took great delight in helping to decorate the altar, especially for the devotion to the Sacred Heart on the first Friday of the month. The lamented Father O'Callaghan, of holy memory, had occasion to say Mass in this church when returning to America from the continent, about a year before his death. He had offered the Mass for the intention of obtaining one or more recruits for the Maryland Novitiate, of which he was then Rector. On

going into the sacristy, after his thanksgiving, he was met by the bright, intelligent looking lad who had served his Mass, and who, without any formal introduction or preface, and with no further knowledge of the Father than that he was a priest from the United States, asked eagerly to go with him to America to become a priest. Under other circumstances, the tender age of the youthful aspirant then only thirteen years old, and the fact of his being an only child, might have offered some difficulty. But the application looked so much like a direct answer to the petition made in the Holy Sacrifice, and the generous faith of truly Catholic parents, who had no higher ambition than to see their son dedicated to the service of the altar, removed all difficulty concerning them, and accordingly the petition of the young acolyte was granted. His career as a student in Georgetown College, it does not belong to us to detail here; what his life was, as a Novice and afterwards as a student in the Society, may be gathered from the manner of his death, for which his life had been a continual preparation.

We cannot but grieve that this life of brilliant promise was cut off before it had fairly passed its prime, but we know that He who so visibly surrounded its close with benedictions of sweetness and who ever "doeth all things well," will make what is a loss to us an everlasting gain for our departed brother. May his soul rest in peace, and may our last end be like to his!

TRANSFER OF THE RELICS OF ST. JOHN FRANCIS REGIS FROM THEIR FORMER RECEPTACLE TO THE NEW SHRINE.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF FR. PRAT, JULY, 1873.

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* * * * * When we make our pilgrimages to La Louvesc, we find it hard to content ourselves with a short stay of twenty-four hours there. Happily for me, I had a particular reason this time for remaining there at least eight days, first to share the great privilege enjoyed by the Fathers of that residence, and then to thank God and His illustrious servant for the favor. I must say a few words about what took place there on Saturday and Sunday, the 19th and 20th of July, 1873. In 1792, four brothers, sons of Mr. Buisson, then mayor of the place, risked their lives to save the relics of St. John Francis Regis. Having taken from the shrine the urn in which the sacred relics reposed, they left instead some other bones which they had gathered near the cemetery, and hid their treasure in their father's house, about twenty minutes walk from La Louvesc: —there it was kept concealed, with equal care and veneration, until the end of the persecution. In 1802, Mgr. de Chabot, bishop of the diocese, visited the dwelling of the Buissons to verify this precious deposit. The details of this examination and authentication, carefully drawn up in writing, were placed in the urn with the relics. Since that time, seventy-one years ago, the receptacle had never been opened, and it is probable that it would have remained closed much longer, but for a providential circum-

stance which led the ecclesiastical authorities to institute a new examination of the relics of our holy missionary.

You are aware that a memorial Church is being built on the site of the old sanctuary. The choir is quite finished, the porch nearly so; and in the course of next year they will be joined. In the middle of the choir, which is encircled by a marble railing, which is also the communion-rail, rises a splendid marble altar; and though richly adorned with medallions and statues of angels and saints in gilt bronze, it is still remarkable for a simplicity which enhances its majestic beauty. The white marble tabernacle is crowned by a socle, on which will rest the shrine containing the relics. This new shrine, a real master-piece of bronze-gilt, is not large enough to receive the case in which the relics have been kept till now; a new case has accordingly been made to fit in the new shrine, and the whole is in keeping with the style and proportions of the altar. It was necessary, then, to transfer the relics from their former receptacle to the new one. The bishop was informed of this necessity by Fr. Nicod, and delegated his Secretary, M. l'abbé Boyron, to perform the ceremony in his stead. M. Boyron, following the prescriptions of the Congregation of Rites, performed the ceremony quite privately, no one being present but the members of our community and those of the Buisson family, the children and grandchildren of the generous christians who had saved to the Church the remains of the great and holy missionary.

At the appointed hour we all proceeded to the Sacristy. My dear Father, I cannot tell you what we felt at that moment! We were about to behold the sacred treasure on which no human eye had looked for seventy-one years, and which no man now living, perhaps, will have the happiness of seeing! The priests put on their surplices, and the few who were present took their appointed places. Before us was a large table on which was spread a fine linen cloth between six lighted tapers. Close by stood the old case

sealed in 1802 by Mgr. de Chabot. After a short prayer before the relics, the vespers of the saint were sung; then the bishop's delegate stated the subject and motives of his mission, and proceeded to verify the seals. At length the case was opened and the sacred relics were removed, piece by piece, and placed upon the linen cloth prepared for them. I verily believe that we could not have been more deeply moved than we were, had St. John Francis Regis been brought back to life there before us. Tears flowed from every eye, and our emotion was at its height when the bishop's delegate placed the skull of the Saint upon the table; it was in a state of perfect preservation, except the lower jaw, which was wanting; the other relics were in a similarly good condition, but only about two thirds of the bones remain which go to make up the human frame. While the bishop's representative was drawing up his report, Dr. Buisson, a grandson of one of the four brothers already mentioned, and nephew of our Father Buisson, examined the several bones and drew up a statement of their condition, attaching to each one a label with the name of the part thus designated; this inventory had been neglected in the first authentication.

The official part of the proceeding being finished, we venerated the sacred remains, recited some psalms and the prayer of the Saint; then, after the delegate and the Rev. Superior, we had the happiness of touching with our lips the head of St. John Francis; I may add that we bathed it with our tears, for no one present could master his emotion. The report drawn up by M. l'abbé Boyron was then read aloud and signed by all; meanwhile two priests had been busy applying to the head of the Saint a great number of medals, rosaries, crucifixes and other pious objects. Finally the relics were placed in the new case of cedar wood, which is covered with green silk. The case was then sealed in eight places with the bishop's seal, and placed in the shrine, the key of which is in the keeping of the bishop's delegate.

On the following day, July 20th, the shrine was exposed in the choir to the veneration of the faithful, who came in crowds to visit the church. At three o'clock the Fathers, in surplice, took their places in the choir, around the shrine, and chanted vespers, at the close of which Father Joyard made a short and touching discourse on the saint, dwelling particularly on the veneration still paid to his memory and on the ceremony of the day before. The sermon was followed by Benediction, after which the shrine was set in the place prepared for it above and a little back of the tabernacle. The bishop's delegate, who had presided throughout, closed the two days' proceedings by intoning the Te Deum. The throng then withdrew slowly, as if loth to leave the sacred spot, and we returned to the sacristy where M. Boyron expressed to us his gratification at having been chosen to act for the bishop in so touching a ceremony. He took away with him the sincere expression of our gratitude; but we will, I trust, bear away with us to heaven the sweet and holy impressions of this true family feast, for which we have to bless the Lord forever.

(*From the Laval Letters.*)

D. O. M.

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